

PASSENGER ON A SHIP

The ship rose before the eager crowd, shining bright beneath the moonlit sky.
Golden rails glowed in shimmering light, carrying tales yet to be told.
They whispered of journeys to lands unknown, of dreams that lay within their reach.
I stepped aboard with a heart so high, unaware I'd lose my sight.

But dreams deceive in gilded coats, hiding truth beneath the cold.
Laughter echoed through endless halls, yet something felt so wrong inside.
The halls stretched long, a ceaseless maze, trapping hope in hollow walls.
Our minds were free, yet bodies blind, bound by chains unseen, untold.

The days stood still in decks below, where sunlight never touched the air.
In a darkened room, I sat alone, tracing thoughts like cracks in stone.
Struggling to breathe, dreaming of air, wondering if life was fair.
I tried to rise, but silence clung, wrapping fear in night's embrace.

CHORUS: I sketched my wings upon the walls, to free my soul from hollow chains.
Stared at the mirror, searching deep, yet wondered if that face was mine.
They said I fled, yet I remained, sinking as the ship went down.
My hands turned red, my fingers stiff, still clinging to tomorrow's light.

I didn't see the tide arise until the waves pulled me below.
Dragged beneath a fate too strong, a course I never chose to sail.
The ship was left in hands so blind, consumed by greed, led into fire.
And I had no choice but to let go, to free myself from waters dire.

I fell into a brand-new hell, one I swore I'd never see.
What once was a dream turned away from me.
Now the waves are cruel, the tide is high.
But I will remember that ship all too well.

We all know that life goes on, no matter how we beg to stay.
We breathe through pain, yet in the end, we know where all roads lay.
We chased the sun, we sought its glow, believing we'd never be misled.
Yet in the end, we found ourselves resting beneath a stone-cold bed.

CHORUS

When night arrived, the master spoke, "The show must go on, play your role."
Some threw my memories into flames before the break of dawn.
The others stood, their faces blank, watching shadows dance in fire.
Through silence or through sheer neglect, they let the past be turned to dust.

Then came the crash, a deafening sound.
The ice tore steel as the ship met the sky.
The walls shook hard, the chandeliers swayed.
And though they patched the wound, the dream had died.

CHORUS

A giant shadow loomed ahead, above the waves so vast, so wide.
I stepped inside a lifeboat small as the endless night stretched on and on.
The cold wind whispered, the dark tide rolled.
No chains to bind me, no ghosts to hold.
And as the ship sailed on, so did I.

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